

The Night of My Encounter with Extraterrestrials by Uri Rivera

- "LA NOCHE DE MI ENCUENTRO CON EXTRATERRESTRES" 🚀🚀 La abducción extraterrestre de Amaury Rivera #alien - YouTube

English translation:

Welcome to Reading with Laura Cepeda. Today, we will be reading a new book that you sent me. It's very interesting, and I hope you enjoy it a lot. Remember, if you haven't subscribed yet, you can do so by clicking the button below that says subscribe. Click on the bell, send me all your comments, and give me a like. Now, you can also become exclusive members of this channel.

We begin with the book titled "The Night of My Encounter with Extraterrestrials" by Uri Rivera. It is dedicated to all those who believe that seeing is believing, and to all the fortunate ones who believe without having seen. The author mentions that he wants to make it clear from the beginning that he is not a professional writer. This is his first book, which recounts his experience in its entirety. His sincere desire is to create awareness about the existence of alien beings and their intentions toward our humanity.

Introduction: I write with the purpose of recording that experiences like the ones I had, and am currently going through, do happen. Additionally, I am aware of thousands of people who have gone through similar experiences or at least very similar ones. Individuals who, out of fear of ridicule and cruel treatment, prefer to keep their experiences silent. We should neither criticize nor attack those who remain silent. Let's not call them selfish either; they have good reasons for doing so. I am a witness and a victim of mockery and insults because of my revelations, even though I have evidence to back up the facts. The purpose of my writing is not to convince anyone of anything. I didn't believe in beings who came from other parts of the cosmos to visit us. I firmly believe that you have to see to believe. I hold this belief because I wouldn't have believed in the existence of extraterrestrial beings any other way. Similarly, the day I have contact with fairies, then I will believe in fairy tales. But, thinking about it, who can say that fairy tales were not inspired by encounters with extraterrestrial beings in the past? I don't know. What I can

definitely assure you is that encounters with extraterrestrial beings do exist today.

New York, 1988: By March 1988, I was still living in New York City, where I was born and raised. My life was entirely different back then. It was a fast-paced life, and it seemed there was never time to reflect on the truly important things in life, like my family, my environment, nature, and many other things I meditate on today. I worked in a hotel in the city and earned good money, but I felt empty. At that time, my life revolved only around work and pleasure, with nothing in between. Although I didn't realize it, my existence was superficial. Life in New York tends to be harsh, rough, and, above all, aggressive. I was living in a jungle of iron and steel, a jungle contaminated with the smell of a septic pit, but I didn't realize it. It was my home, my birthplace. I was lost in its nature. Around that time, I received an alarming call. My aunt Marlen informed me that my grandmother Isabel, the lady who raised me, was ill and wanted to see me. My aunt hinted that it was urgent, and there was a possibility that this might be my last chance to see alive the person I have always considered my mother.

At work, I had accumulated vacation days, so I left for Puerto Rico immediately. Shortly after arriving on the island, my grandmother, who I called mom, recovered. I took advantage of my stay and turned it into a real vacation. I visited several beaches in Cabo Rojo, where my parents were born, a place in the southwest of Puerto Rico surrounded by beaches and wonderful landscapes. In Cabo Rojo, there are still humble and simple people who are the kind of people that make one proud to be Puerto Rican. The same happens with other towns on our island, but I point out Cabo Rojo because it's where my family is from. Although I had been to the island before, this time was very different. I fell in love with its beaches and was dazzled by its green and beautiful valleys. By day, I danced with the sun, and by night, I courted the moon.

On one particular night, I became acquainted with the stars. It happened while I was sitting on the balcony of my grandmother's house. The electricity service went out for a while, and when the lights went off, including the streetlights, the sky opened up before my eyes. It was something spectacular. For many, seeing the sky like this might not be impressive. Just as the Empire State Building doesn't impress those who live near this skyscraper in New York, for

me, it was something unforgettable. With no electric light reflections in the area, I was able to observe the starry night sky without interference. I know this may seem silly to many, but this was a key event in my life. The night of the stars marks the beginning of my relationship with the cosmos, even though at that time, I wasn't aware of it. I had had the opportunity to observe the sky on several occasions, but never in such an impactful way.

Growing up in New York, I could never truly appreciate the sky. The lights and the lit bulbs of theaters and advertisements were always more interesting. The glow of skyscrapers and public lighting overshadowed the sky. Forty-Second Street and Broadway Avenue replaced the stars. For the first time, I discovered the splendor and grandeur of thousands of suns. I stopped conversing with my grandmother to observe the stars intently. She asked me what I was so eagerly looking at. "The stars look different," I replied. "They look bigger, I don't know, closer, perhaps." She informed me that she had seen them like this before and wasn't impressed. I, on the other hand, was still struck. The electricity came back on, and this made me sad. The stars were still visible, but not in the same way.

The next day, I left the island and cried on my way back to New York. I was still thinking about Puerto Rico, not just my family, but everything else. I felt something calling me to Puerto Rico—a voice inside, a kind of subliminal voice. Perhaps on the night of the stars, something changed in me. It was as if from the moment I saw that sky, a small seed had been planted in my mind. This psychological or symbolic seed blossomed into the obsessive idea of moving to Puerto Rico. I called my grandmother and my aunt and informed them of my intention to move to Puerto Rico. My grandmother thought it was a good idea, but my aunt said I must be crazy to leave a good job and apartment in New York to face uncertainties. She reminded me that jobs were scarce on the island, but despite this, I was determined to uproot myself. They heard such urgency in my voice during that phone call that they asked if I had any problems in New York. I replied that I couldn't even explain the reason for my sudden change myself. It felt as if a magnet was pulling me toward the island.

That night, when I went to bed, I decided my aunt was right. I concluded that I needed to stop being foolish and reconsider. There was no future for me in Puerto Rico. If many of my relatives were unemployed, what hope would I

have? In bed, amid the usual sounds of the city—police sirens, ambulances, and street noise in the city that never sleeps—I slept. However, that night, something woke me up. I dreamt I was in Puerto Rico, watching the sunset just like I had seen on the coasts of Cabo Rojo—a giant ball of red-orange fire. It was wonderful. There, alone in the darkness of my room, I made the decision: Puerto Rico.

The next day, after making up my mind, I began to give away some of my belongings, and I sold others. My friends were surprised and didn't understand my actions. What surprised them even more was the fact that I didn't understand the reason for my decision either. The island was calling me, pronouncing my name, and I felt it was my home. I had already informed my grandma of my resolution, and she was happy. In less than two weeks, I handed over my apartment, took my pet to the vet, visited the bank, and went to the travel agency. By mid-April 1988, I was back in Puerto Rico, this time accompanied by my pet, a Pekingese dog named Cristina. What happiness I felt, as if I had accomplished something. I felt relieved, as if a great weight had been lifted off me. "I finally made it," I said to myself. As for employment, I resolved the matter in the following way: I would get a hot dog cart and make an honest living selling sausages and drinks.

Moreover, the following happened: A cousin of mine, while listening to the radio, learned of a place where they were looking for a waiter for a nightclub in the town of Hormigueros along Route 2. Not knowing the route, I found someone to take me there, as I hadn't bought a car yet. According to my cousins here on the island, one needs a car for everything. At the club, I was interviewed, and the owner was very impressed with my hotel experience. That same weekend, I started working. I would work at the club on weekends and then find another full-time job during the other days. One of my cousins took me the first few days and then informed me about a friend of his who was selling a 1971 Toyota. The car wasn't in great condition, but it would serve until I bought a better one. That's how my transportation issue was resolved.

Part of the route I took to Hormigueros passed through what is known in Cabo Rojo as La which reached Hormigueros, passing through what is known in Cabo Rojo as La Bajura, an old and seldom-traveled road that goes from Cabo Rojo to Hormigueros. The same cousin who used to take me to work had warned me that in this area of La Bajura, one had to drive slowly because

sometimes animals like cows, horses, etc., would escape from their farms and cross the road. He told me that many people had died after colliding with a cow or horse on the road. In New York, you don't have to worry about something like that; you only need to watch out for those yellow animals called taxis.

I followed my cousin's advice and always kept it in mind. I bought the white Toyota at the beginning of May 1988 and had already settled into a routine, feeling comfortable and at peace with myself. The joy of my new life and environment didn't last long—it lasted until Mother's Day, which for me, ceased to be a happy day after what happened that night.

What I am about to describe occurred that day and filled my life with terror and confusion. I would never be the same Amauri again. All my perceptions of the world changed. This event snatched my relatively simple existence and transformed it into a complex one, filled with insecurities and more rejections than I was accustomed to.

It was Mother's Day, 1988. It so happened that my cousin, who never separates from her beloved radio, heard that the salsa orchestra El Gran Combo would be performing at the nightclub where I worked. She immediately called me and asked me for a favor. Since she mentioned El Gran Combo, I thought she would ask me to get her free tickets to the club. However, she said, "Look, Amauri, I'm going to lend you my camera, and I want you to take some pictures of El Gran Combo." I had no choice but to say yes since she subtly reminded me that if it weren't for her, I wouldn't be working there. I agreed, thinking she would forget, but she didn't. Nothing escapes my cousin.

So that night, when the orchestra was to perform La noche de mi encuentro con extraterrestres at the club, I arrived at work with my dear cousin's camera—one of those cheap, automatic Kodak 110s. To top it off, she gave me a long-playing record of the group, wanting all the members of the Combo to autograph it. I remember well that night there were more people than ever in the club. All the mothers were very elegant, with their floral arrangements and their respective companions. The tables were decorated with white tablecloths and small floral arrangements and balloons. The place smelled of perfume and flowers, triggering an allergic reaction in me.

With so many people that day, there were only four waiters. All the customers wanted to be served at the same time. Unfortunately, some people, including some mothers, turned into monsters after a few drinks. Only another waiter can understand the horror one feels when walking through a crowded room of customers with a tray full of drinks in hand. Panic overwhelms you, and when you reach the intended table, a customer from another table grabs your arm—the same one holding the tray of drinks—to say, "Waiter, bring me another beer." In summary, that night was a real hell. Customers who had too much to drink insisted on dancing with me, ignoring what I told them about the rules of my workplace. They insisted on dancing regardless of the fact that I was carrying a tray of drinks. It was very difficult to take pictures of the group; I managed to take some while they were playing and others during the break.

I have to confess something that won't please my dear cousin. I left the record behind the bar, but I told her that all the members of the Combo had autographed it and that apparently, someone in all the confusion had taken it. The truth is, I didn't have the courage to approach the orchestra and ask each one to sign the cover. She was upset because she thought I had stolen her record, but she was attentive when I handed her the camera.

At closing time, I couldn't stand on my feet any more, and I looked like I had just come out of a sauna, clothes and all. I finished my work by emptying ashtrays and organizing the tables assigned to me. When I was done, I went behind the bar to grab my cigarettes. I left the camera and the record behind, knowing that when I returned, I wouldn't find them. In hindsight, it wasn't a lie when I told my cousin about her lost record.

I headed to where the party apparently continued. There were couples everywhere. It was past 4 a.m., and these people were still partying. By this hour, the women didn't look as regal, and the men weren't behaving as gentlemanly. Amid the crowd, I walked towards my car like a sleepwalker; I only had one thing on my mind—getting home.

Finally, I reached my car, eager to leave. Slowly, the cars started leaving the parking lot. I put the camera in the car's glove compartment, started the engine, and headed home. As usual, I took the main road, Route 2, until I reached the intersection that would take me to La Bajura. At the beginning of the area, I noticed a dense fog, like thick, white smoke. This fog was

something common; I had driven through it before in this same area, more or less at the same time of the early morning, around 4:30 a.m. It wasn't anything unusual. I was driving slowly and paying close attention to the road. My thoughts at that moment revolved around the possibility of encountering an animal on the road and avoiding an accident, thinking about my sore feet and what I was going to prepare to eat when I got home.

Suddenly, I heard a sound as if something or someone was running alongside my car, as if whatever it was, it wanted to catch up with the car until it was beside the driver—my door. Everything happened very quickly. First, I heard the footsteps and thought it was some animal on the road, while at the same time, out of the corner of my eye, I perceived movement to my left. I turned my head to the left, and what I saw next to me was neither a cow nor a goat. My mind didn't know what to think—a child in a costume, perhaps, but no, it was too late for that—a dwarf, yes, it was a dwarf wearing a mask, scaring people passing by. "It can't be a dwarf," I thought. The head, those eyes, the mouth—nothing made sense. "Get out of here," I told myself. It was a thing, a strange little man running beside my car. In the panic of the moment, I wanted to step on the accelerator, but instead, I stepped on the brake, and the car stopped abruptly.

When I looked through the windshield, intending to continue and get far away from there, far from that strange creature running beside me without taking its strange eyes off me, I couldn't. Because now that being with the enormous head was in front of my car, on the right side, walking towards me from the middle of the fog, the right headlight of my car illuminated it, and it looked even more grotesque. Its white skin resembled clown makeup. It wore strange clothes, clinging to its thin, olive-green body. The outfit didn't shine, nor did it have anything particular about it except for who or what was wearing it, its arms were proportional to the rest of its body, which stood about three and a half feet tall. I wondered how it could have reached that side of the car so quickly. In response, I heard another noise next to my door and discovered it was there again, closer this time. It was then that I realized there were two different beings or people—demons or whatever they were. At that moment, I felt the door opening. I couldn't take it anymore. I was paralyzed, whether from fear, terror, or something else, but I couldn't move. Everything happened very quickly, in a matter of seconds. I couldn't take it anymore and lost consciousness—I fainted.

I want you to know that at that moment, I never thought that these beings could be extraterrestrials. I was never really interested in the subject; I thought of them more as monsters or demons, but never as beings from space. When I woke up, I was still inside my car, confused. Looking around, I thought I was inside an underground parking lot. I say this because the place was not outdoors; there were more cars—about ten or more—in this light gray place. There were no doors or signs, and it was lit by a dim light. I noticed that the other cars were empty, and everything was silent. I remember my own heavy breathing as I looked for an exit, a door, or something—some sign indicating where to go. The clearer and more alert my consciousness became, the more desperate I felt.

I felt like I was suffocating, and my breathing became even more irregular. A sense of claustrophobia fell over me. I didn't hear any sound, and I didn't notice it approaching. There it was, standing beside me on my left—the little man with the terrifying eyes. I remember making a strange noise from the shock, but I didn't speak. I felt paralyzed. His eyes were piercing, and seeing him reminded me of what had happened on the road. In those seconds, I stopped worrying about where I was and how to get out of there. My entire being focused on this creature with a fetus-like head and almond-shaped eyes, like those of a cow. It looked at me without emotions or facial expressions. Sitting behind the wheel, I felt useless, like a trapped animal. I tried with all my might to reject this reality, but I couldn't. Suddenly, the creature began to raise its tiny left arm until it showed its little hand, and I could see it. As it did this, I became even more tense; my hands gripped the steering wheel of the car, and I don't know how I didn't tear it from its place. I couldn't move or release my hands.

In reality, I shouldn't say that I couldn't move because I never tried. I think my mind, stunned and traumatized, didn't allow me to. My mind, my brain, wasn't capable of giving my body certain commands. The creature directed its small hand toward my face. I felt disgusted, repulsed—imagine someone bringing something you're terrified of, like a snake or a mouse, close to your face. Its hand, to me, embodied all my fears in one. This strange being, which I still didn't consider extraterrestrial but rather something diabolical, placed the palm of its hand on my forehead, and with one final spasm of repulsion, my mind went dark.

When I woke up, I was in a room—a square place where several people were sitting. My neck and hands hurt, and my eyes felt swollen. Where was I now? And what about my car? In reality, the room's walls couldn't be distinguished from where they started or ended. It gave the impression of being an infinite space rather than a room. The floor, ceiling, and walls were all light gray, like in the other place. I didn't see lamps, bulbs, entrances, exits, or windows. But logically, although nothing about this was logical, there had to be doors and lights, even if I couldn't see them. Where the light came from wasn't really clear. If someone stood in the middle of this place alone, without any reference points, they might have thought they were standing in a vast void.

Next to me were 14 people, men and women, who appeared to be Hispanic. We were sitting on some seats or long benches. These seats couldn't really be perceived at first glance—only because I was sitting on one did I know they were there. How I got to this bench or chair was a mystery. The floor, walls, and ceiling were all the same shade of gray, giving everything the appearance of continuity, like a camouflage or optical illusion. I was still dazed when I noticed that the small beings were standing in front of us. I saw them over the shoulders of the other people. No one spoke, and the atmosphere was filled with terror. I didn't move, or maybe I couldn't move, except to turn my head with great effort. I felt a stiffness in my neck. I was seated on the left, in the last row of people. Each row consisted of five people, and there were three rows in total.

To my right was a young teenager without a shirt, wearing shorts and barefoot, very similar to my brother when he was a teenager. Seeing his face filled with fear, I wanted to comfort him, but I couldn't. The other people were dressed in various ways, from party clothes to sleepwear. While we remained there, those two beings with extraordinary heads stood still without the slightest movement. Occasionally, their eyelids would slowly close over their eyes. All our attention was focused on the small, big-headed beings. Walking from an undetermined point behind our group, another figure appeared, dressed in black. He reached the spot where the little ones were and took a position between them.

This individual had skin the color of someone who has been in the sun, a coppery tone. His black hair was straight, reaching a little above his shoulders, combed back. He was quite handsome. He wore a black shirt with

long, slightly puffed sleeves, apparently without pockets or buttons. He had on black pants, fitted at the waist and slightly loose around the hips and legs, tapering at the ankles. His shirt was tucked into his pants, and he wore black boots. He was about five feet seven or eight inches tall, with a slender and firm build. After taking his position, he began to speak in Spanish—a very perfect Spanish, with no particular accent.

'Welcome. My name is Amaron. I have not come to harm you, so don't be afraid. Remain calm. I come from my place of origin, which is called K, pronounced like the letter K in your alphabet. I am as human as you are.' These were more or less his opening words. I want to clarify that these weren't his exact words—I only remember the context of what was said. Therefore, while I will stay true to his message, the order of the words and sentences will be as close as my memory allows. If you were to stop reading right now, close your eyes, and try to remember word for word a conversation or speech that took place four years ago, try it—you won't be able to. I'm sure you can only remember the context, not every word. I will try my best to faithfully reproduce his revelations, even though four years have passed since my initial experience.

After telling us this, about his name and the rest, he realized he didn't have our full attention. We were still disturbed by the presence of the small beings with bulging eyes. He told us not to be afraid of the 'emores,' and as he said this, he picked up one of those small creatures in his arms. The human-like individual held the being as if he were holding a child. The creature placed its arms around his neck and its thin legs around his waist, like carrying a chimpanzee. The man took the small being's chin and turned its grotesque head from side to side while informing us that there was no reason to be afraid, as they were harmless. He said they were genetically created by his people. The 'emore' just blinked slowly without any expression. Even though he told us this about these beings, they remained repulsive—at least in my opinion.

He placed the small being on the ground beside him and addressed us again. We remained paralyzed by fear or perhaps by an external force. At Imbodied all my fears in one. This strange being, which I still didn't consider extraterrestrial but rather something diabolical, placed the palm of its hand on my forehead, and with one final spasm of repulsion, my mind went east I had

stopped thinking about demons and had a notion of what was happening, no matter how impossible it seemed—they were from another world, another planet. They weren't demons after all. I thought that this man, Amaron, seemed too much like someone from Earth to be an extraterrestrial. On the other hand, the small beings with fetal heads could be considered extraterrestrials, but what did I know?

He spoke again: "We have brought you to this place to present some projections. The images you will witness will give the impression of being real—they are not. They are multidimensional projections that will appear to have mass, consistency, and tangible qualities. What you will see will be spiritually and emotionally powerful information. Keep in mind that what you will see is not actually happening."

"We will begin by showing you the first projection:

Projection number one." The first projection was truly extraordinary. We were greatly impacted by the sudden change in what we were seeing around us. One moment, we were in that room of unknown dimensions, and suddenly it vanished, and a valley appeared, projected all around us.

We could see the silhouettes of mountains in the distance, trees, grass, and the night sky. We could see how the breeze moved the branches of the trees, but we couldn't feel the breeze. The effect of this projection was incredible—it couldn't be compared to what one is used to seeing in a movie theater. It was a completely realistic illusion; the projection enveloped us and transported us to that place without us having moved. We all remained in the same positions, and the three beings continued to occupy their places in front of us.

One detail that caught my attention was that even the strange seats we were sitting on had become part of the ground and grass surrounding us in the valley projection. The strange human remained silent, and his small companions stayed beside him without making any movement. My eyes adjusted to the darkness, and I could see the place more clearly. It seemed to be somewhere on the island. There were no houses or electric poles visible.

Another curious detail was the lack of sound. If these images were taken here on the island, there were no usual night sounds—no crickets or coquí frogs.

The only sound I perceived was my own breathing. Most of the time, I felt like I was suffocating and remained paralyzed. For a moment, I had the foolish idea of trying to get up from the chair or whatever I was sitting on and running through that valley, but where would I go? I'd probably run into a wall, if there were walls enclosing the room we were in.

My absurd thoughts were interrupted by his calm voice. He said, "Observe the sky." Like children guided by a teacher in school, we all looked at the sky simultaneously. It looked so real; I even managed to see a shooting star. The silence made me uncomfortable, and I tried my best to control the panic. While we observed the splendor of the night sky, he told us not to be alarmed, and at that moment, the seats began to rotate individually for better observation.

They started to turn without making any noise, and in this way, the teenager who had been to my right was now behind me. The movement wasn't abrupt, but rather smooth and circular. As we stopped rotating and observed the sky, he informed us that we were about to embark on a journey. Then, it seemed to all of us that we were floating away. However, I could still feel my feet firmly on the ground. I thought I was going to fall, and I feared I would lose consciousness. My body grew even more tense, and I felt like it was about to break.

I thought that this couldn't be happening—that maybe it was all a horrible nightmare. We continued ascending slowly, and I closed my eyes, still under the impression that I was going to fall. I remembered what the human guide had said about it being a projection and opened my eyes. We were already above the trees. I couldn't resist—it looked too real to be a projection, so I closed my eyes again. I made a great effort and managed to place my hands under my thighs. That's when I realized that I could move.

I felt my head about to explode and the urge to vomit. Suddenly, we stopped ascending, and I opened my eyes, my face covered in sweat and tears. I looked towards where the man and the artificial beings were. To my surprise, they seemed to be suspended in the air. They didn't appear to be floating; instead, they gave the impression of standing firmly on an invisible platform. I imagine that from their point of view, we must have appeared to be suspended

in the air, sitting on invisible seats. We had been stopped a little higher than the trees, and in the distance, the ocean's reflection could be seen.

The sensation of being at this altitude terrified me. I felt my entire body trembling uncontrollably. The silhouettes of the mountains looked like hills. I didn't want to look, but I found that I couldn't take my eyes off what I was witnessing around me. "We are above your world," he told us. We began ascending again slowly. I kept repeating to myself mentally, "This is an illusion, a kind of movie, so don't be afraid of anything."

It was useless. We were enveloped in a mist, and I realized that as we passed through it, we continued to ascend until we could see the Earth the size of a basketball and then the size of a golf ball. Here we stopped. In those distressing moments, I didn't notice the actions of the other 14 people. I could barely cope with my own condition, but I assure you that no one spoke, although there were moments when it seemed to me that I heard whimpers, sighs, cries, and the sound a person makes when they vomit or try to.

I can only tell you that I felt extremely insignificant in the face of such grandeur. That night when the lights went out at my mother's house, the night of the stars, was what I thought about. Was there a connection? Even though we were supposedly quite far from our Earth, the stars seemed as distant as from the surface of our globe. Without knowing exactly when, the dizziness and nausea gave way to wonder and fascination as I gazed at the sky and the stars. A circle of light in the form of a halo appeared.

The human informed us that the tiny star that had remained within the halo, barely visible, was located near his place of origin, his planet, but that much farther beyond was the sun or star around which his world revolved. He told us that this place would be our destination. Suddenly, the stars began to move, but it wasn't them moving—it was us. I had always believed that the stars were scattered between the moon and the planets, but if this journey was true to reality, it wasn't like that.

The speed increased, and with it, the dizziness returned. The halo had disappeared, and the stars turned into rays of lights in different colors, passing through a whirlwind of colors. The perception of speed began to decrease, and the colors faded into white lights, forming rays that created a sort of

tunnel. The stars reappeared, and among them, there was an immense one that seemed very close. Around it, what could be planets revolved. I could see the halo around this star again. The human told us that this was the sun of K, his planet of origin, the mother planet of this solar system and of all the inhabitants of the other worlds in this system.

The first humans of this system were created and placed on K. When this part of the great humanity spread across the entire planet and there was no more space, they emigrated, forming colonies on the closest planets. When the process became saturated on many of the new planets, they didn't find the necessary elements to sustain human life and that of their animals. But they managed to condition these environments to sustain all kinds of life that accompanied them. They created seas where there were none and transformed the atmosphere as needed to make them habitable.

In the same way, the rest of humanity has worked across the different solar systems in the infinite cosmos, the human stated. "Of course, with one exception: on your place of origin, which you call Earth, what you have done is destroy, pollute, and spiritually diminish, to the point of contaminating even your outer space, your supposed far horizons. All the offspring of planet K are self-sufficient, but their loving government comes from the mother planet. Now we will head there."

We perceived a dizzying movement as we approached one of the planets, the closest to the luminous star. Various clouds could be seen, and as we got closer, this place began to resemble our Earth. We began to descend onto K or whatever this place was. The topography was very different from ours. What appeared to be solid ground occupied a large part of the surface. Instead of large fragments of solid land that we know as continents, there was only one, surrounded by an ocean. Perhaps there were more, but we couldn't see them because we were positioned on the other side of this landmass.

We descended through white, shining clouds. Its green mountains and rocky formations seemed identical to those on our Earth, though there was a difference I couldn't quite pinpoint. The most notable difference, which I later confirmed, was the great abundance of flowers everywhere— all kinds of wildflowers and garden flowers in bright, striking colors. The blue sky dotted with cotton-like clouds, the green of the flora accented with multiple floral

colors, and the blue of the sea made this place the substance of pleasant dreams. Yet, the apparent altitude afflicted me so much that it destroyed any second of fascination.

The day was sunny with some clouds, and in the distance, I saw what seemed to be an Indian village. We stopped above a beautiful forest at a safe distance from this village. Movement among the trees in the forest was produced by animals, but I couldn't see what species they were. I could see people walking and running. The human, standing in the same position with the small beings by his side, said, "Welcome to my place of origin, K. Now, meet my people."

We all began to glide through the air above the trees toward the village or town. As we got closer, I could see that what had seemed like tents from afar were actually pyramid-shaped structures. They were made of some sort of polished crystal in different semi-transparent colors. The human informed us that these pyramids were the dwellings of this group of people. Others resembled an inverted cone or funnel, but all were made of that same stone or crystal and perhaps something like plastic—all in different, vivid, and bright colors.

Instead of streets, there were paths, and flowers were abundant everywhere. The houses were arranged in a circle, and in the middle of it was a square plaza surrounded by flowers. The entire ground seemed to be covered by a carpet of evenly cut grass, a kind of turf. In this immense plaza, there were trees and something like a pool or pond, constructed of that same material that looked like sky-blue crystal. It was so bright and colorful that it dazzled the eye. The vibrant colors of their houses—red, blue, turquoise, purple, and other varieties—along with the other colors of nature, completed this visual explosion. I had never seen such beauty.

In the pool or pond, I saw children and adults playing and swimming. Something that some of you might find offensive is that none of the residents of this place wore any clothing. The seats we were on began their usual rotation, and we saw everything as we circled. In the distance, similar populations could be seen, connected to the one we were observing by larger paths. Slowly turning, we descended toward the plaza, or at least we were under the impression that we were descending into it.

The people of this place gathered around us, all naked, smiling at each other. There were mothers holding their children in their arms. The appearance of happiness and good health prevailed among these people. The human informed us that these were the people of K. We saw people of all races—Black, brown, white, and Asian. They were all of different sizes and hair colors. Our chairs continued their rotation, and we could see everything around us. These people greeted us with gestures of hands and heads. I imagine they had been informed in advance of the use that would be made of these recorded images.

I think that originally, they were smiling and waving at a cameraman. But now, it felt like they were genuinely seeing us. It was incredibly real. How could all this be just a projection? These people looked so alive. The only thing out of place, given the circumstances, was the silence. Even though we could see them laughing and opening their mouths as if commenting to each other, we couldn't hear anything. Some women adorned their hair with flowers of various colors. I observed a dog barking in silence. If it weren't for the type of construction of their homes and the immense pool, I would say that what I was observing was some primitive Indian tribe.

Are these extraterrestrials an Indian tribe composed of all human races? But where were their laser beams, their robots, and their super-advanced technology? Where were their shiny silver suits? And what about their imposing cities? Indians? Where were the seven-foot-tall beings with eyes on their foreheads, or small green beings with antennas? We kept moving closer slowly, and I could see different animals among the crowd of people. They made way for individuals who brought their pets with them. A child showed us a lion, which he was pulling by the mane. They showed us chickens, roosters, little monkeys, and birds of great beauty. To our complex surprise, we saw an animal already extinct on our planet—something resembling a dinosaur, as well as horses, cows, camels, and other varieties of the animal kingdom.

We came to a stop, and the crowd parted as if the Red Sea had been split, revealing before our eyes a gigantic pool. Something amazing happened: from the center of this body of water, an eruption occurred, like a fountain. The spray of water reached the people, and they rejoiced. Seeing so much joy on their faces made me smile slightly. When this great column of clear water

ceased, four dolphins leaped out. The spectacular thing about this event was that riding on their backs, as if they were horses, were four Black children.

When the dolphins reached an incredible height, the children leaped off their backs, did a flip in the air, and fell into the water alongside the dolphins. The people, who seemed to have a glow in their hair from the reflection of the sun on the spray that had splashed them, clapped and laughed. Inside the pool, the four children were escorted by these marine mammals to the shore. The waters erupted again, and the children came up to us, wet from head to toe, with smiles and pride on their faces, they held hands and simultaneously bowed forward like actors at the end of a play. Then, they quickly ran off in different directions. The "Red Sea" closed, the eruption ceased, and our seats began to turn slowly until we were facing the human guide and his two creatures. His voice impacted me; after a while in silence, he spoke.

"This is my birthplace. We call this village 'No,' which means 'traveler' in our language. I am known as a 'No.' There aren't many of us 'No's that have emerged from my upbringing. As you can see, we have no elders among us."

It was true; there were no elders, only children and adults. He also informed us that his people do not age or die, that life, once it begins, is continuous. They grow until they reach the age of approximately 25 by our standards, and then they stop. They suffer accidents, bleed from their wounds, and even feel pain, but their bodies can regenerate quickly. Their world is free of harmful bacteria, and the ones travelers bring with them from distant places are exterminated before making contact with the populations of K.

While the travelers, the 'No,' visit Earth or 'Crio,' as they call it, they try to avoid contamination from harmful bacteria and germs as much as possible. In this regard, the creatures made by humans, the 'Emores,' are very useful. When, for one reason or another, they come into direct contact with harmful elements to the human body, they are genetically equipped to combat them without the need for vaccines or other medications. Despite this being a fact, it does not change the fact that they still suffer the discomforts that accompany these germs and bacteria.

According to him, their bodies can create all kinds of antibodies that instantly attack and destroy any invader to their physiological systems. Their bodies

possess glands, which we also have, that secrete a series of substances that make them immune to diseases. After being with them for the first time, he also informed us that the bodies of Earth residents do not function properly due to the imbalance and disequilibrium that humans here have maintained for generations.

We have contaminated ourselves with so many chemicals that our bodies no longer function appropriately. We ingest more harmful substances, whether through food, medicines, or illicit drugs, and that continues to weaken us even further despite the supposed advances in our science. The people projected around us were smiling and commenting, but they did not follow us with their eyes; they simply began to disperse. We slid through the skies of K slowly. In the distance, I could see several circular formations resembling the village we had just visited.

I saw flowers everywhere again, rivers, and beautiful lagoons with people enjoying them. No one noticed our presence. The landscape was comparable to what we might imagine as paradise—abundant vegetation with colorful flowers standing out. Although my breathing had returned to a more normal rhythm, the fear of falling from that height continued to accompany me. He and his 'Emores' remained in their same positions. I could feel the floor beneath the soles of my shoes, but we appeared to be flying over the skies of K.

The other 14 people and I seemed to be sliding like a grand curtain in the air. Different birds and even prehistoric flying animals could be seen in the distance. Although what I saw around me was beautiful, my heart was filled with terror and panic, which I kept locked inside. My heart was beating so strongly that I was sure if I looked down, I would see it pounding through my sweaty white shirt. Everything I was experiencing and seeing felt real.

At that moment, I thought that perhaps I had suffered an accident on the 'Bajura' road while coming from work, and maybe this place was the afterlife. My mind was slipping away moment by moment, and I didn't know what the reality of what was happening was. Although the human dressed in black had informed us about his place of origin, I was terribly confused. In that state of confusion, with my heart wanting to burst out of my chest and my eyes wide

open like a dead fish, I continued in that apparent slide through the skies of K with the others.

We stopped over a place that seemed to be a farm. The ones maintaining the crops were hundreds of 'Emores.' I could see them harvesting something from the land, but I couldn't make out what it was, and our guide didn't inform us. The 'Emores' seemed like organized ants, each fulfilling its function under the sun of K. This sun of K appeared, according to my senses, to be the same as our Earth's star, at least that's how I perceived it.

We didn't feel its heat as it was just a projection. We only stopped briefly over this farm. I managed to see several 'Emores' carrying something like boxes. I suppose they were carrying the produce from their harvests. They were transporting them to a large structure resembling a giant building made of something like clay bricks. The color of this square building was terracotta. I didn't see any vehicles around; all transportation was done on foot. They walked like ants from the fields to the apparent gigantic warehouse.

From what I could observe from the supposed height and distance we were at, and from what I saw of the crops, the produce could have been potatoes or sweet potatoes, something like that, though I can't be sure. We continued and moved away from the farm. On the horizon in the distance, I saw what appeared to be the outline of a large city. As we approached this place, I noticed there were no people around. I saw many majestic buildings, all constructed from a solid material similar to or the same as cement.

These buildings had no windows, and although I assumed they had entrances, I didn't see any. They were rectangular and some were square. In the middle of these gray cement-colored buildings, there was a great wonder—a huge pyramid surrounded by the other constructions. This immense pyramid seemed to be made of the same material as the homes of the people in the round village we had seen earlier. The pyramid appeared to be made of polished precious stones or bright ice in different colors, with turquoise blue dominating the base of this structure, blending into a lilac color and finally into a sparkling red at the summit.

Compared to this monument, the seven wonders of our planet would seem trivial. I observed all this in disbelief; my mind was spinning to the point of

almost not being able to tolerate it any longer. This great deserted city was certainly impressive. Here, flowers didn't grow, and what appeared to be streets between the buildings were devoid of any form of life. Suspended in the air in front of the enormous crystalline pyramid, he spoke again.

"This is the center of government for the mother planet K and for its descendants who inhabit the planets of this particular solar system," our guide recounted. In this governmental building, his father, who helps manage the affairs of the planets, carries out his duties. The father of our human guide is in charge of overseeing operations on our planet, Earth, or 'Crio,' as they call it. He also explained that the other square buildings were laboratories and that in some of these, the 'Emores' were mass-produced.

We did not descend into this governmental center; we continued our slide, always from our seats, until we reached a place where the vegetation ended, and what appeared to be a desert began. In the distance, I saw what seemed to be an urban area composed of houses with rounded, metallic roofs reflecting the sun. As we got closer, I realized that what I was actually observing was a vast expanse of desert filled with hundreds of circular vehicles, what we commonly call flying saucers, all except three of these ships were the same size. Among this multitude of devices, I could observe a building of colossal proportions, identical to a silo like those used by farmers on Earth to store grain.

While we were apparently suspended above this storage facility or airport, one of the ships rose up to meet our group. The device was enormous, even larger than a 747 airplane. We heard no sound. The craft drew closer to our group; it was extremely impressive. It had a circular shape, like two inverted plates stacked on top of each other. In the center of the upper part, there was a dome that seemed to be made of glass. Below, right in the center, it had another dome identical to the one above. Its color was a smoky blue-gray. It hovered above our heads.

When I looked up, I could see what seemed to be beams extending from the dome to the edge of the object, creating the image of a sun emitting rays. Suddenly, the vehicle rose to a great height and lit up. It appeared to be a real sun. It then descended and positioned itself below us. Our chairs began to

spin slowly. I couldn't distinguish any difference between the bottom and top parts of the object; they were identical.

The ship began to move again, and our seats stopped in front of the human and his two 'Emores.' A kind of hatch opened near the edge of the upper part, and another smaller vehicle emerged. It was like a dark blue car without wheels. This car-ship had a canopy made of glass or something like glass. It had many lights around it, and as it passed over our heads, I noticed that it also had lights underneath. I say they were lights, but they never actually turned on. However, I had the impression that they were indeed lights.

The car-ship approached us, and I could see the pilot—a young boy, barely more than a child, and next to him, an 'Emore.' It seemed that the pilot of this vehicle could see us suspended in the air, as he raised his hand in greeting. The blond boy with crystalline blue eyes began performing maneuvers in the air, demonstrating his skills to us. He then re-entered the larger vehicle. The craft descended and returned to its designated spot.

Everything looked so tangible—the sky, the various objects. How could this all seem so real? I couldn't explain it. I looked around, and what I saw was the stuff of dreams. Then, one of the three gigantic vehicles rose. This one seemed to be the size of a baseball stadium. It ascended over our heads and stopped, appearing smaller. This time, no other vehicle emerged from its interior; instead, it began to split into four parts. It divided in the sky like a pie or a pizza. These four triangles did not hover slowly; they aligned one behind the other.

Now, one ship had divided into four triangular ships. According to our human guide, these vehicles operated based on energy produced by a sun. Sweat was pouring down my forehead and into my eyes. Occasionally, I felt as if my circulation was not functioning properly. I felt the sensation of thousands of pins penetrating my skin. Sitting in the same position for so long was terrible. We all watched as the four pieces of this immense ship reassembled and formed a single one. The act of merging was accomplished with great precision. Then, this vehicle descended and positioned itself among the others.

The smaller circular vehicles had a bluish-gray, smoky color. The larger ships were a dark, ash-gray, almost black. Below each divided part, we could observe a kind of dome made of a material similar to that of the other ships, located in the center of each triangle. From where we were observing, all suspended in the sky of K, I couldn't see whether these vehicles landed on their bellies or had any wheels or legs to land on.

Our seats began to spin until we were facing the structure that looked like a giant silo. This structure had the appearance of aluminum. The extraterrestrial human indicated that this was where all these vehicles were manufactured and repaired. We didn't see any personnel anywhere, and we couldn't detect any entrance to the silo. It had to be located on the side that we couldn't see. We began to move again, leaving that place in the desert behind. Despite what we saw around us, which was of great beauty, the panic returned.

The trees, mountains, meadows, rivers, and especially the flowers were of unparalleled beauty. All the colors were vivid and accentuated—the reds were redder, the greens of the trees and grasses greener, and the blue of the sky indescribable. At that moment, I felt a mix of emotions. On one hand, I was in awe, and on the other, I was terrified—a very particular combination of feelings. I wanted to stay in this beautiful place of extraordinary beauty, and at the same time, I wanted to return urgently. Through this projection, we 15 humans from Earth saw the beautiful place of origin of our captor and his two creatures with bulging eyes and swollen heads, but there was still more to come.

We arrived at a valley surrounded by mountains, where crystal-clear waterfalls abounded, along with all kinds of vegetation and flowers of electrifying colors. We stopped, and our seats began their usual slow spin. As we observed the beautiful landscape while spinning, he said, "Observe this place well. This is the appearance your Earth should have had in the beginning. Your place of origin was designed this way." The seats continued their slow spin, and his voice, due to the lack of other sounds, became the center of my auditory focus. He continued informing us, "Among you, there are those who will help restore the original beauty of your world."

At this point, I could no longer distinguish truth from illusion. The seats finished spinning, and we were facing him. He began to speak to those seated

in the first row. He mentioned each of the first five by name and looked at them intently. He assigned them a kind of task—some were destined to care for animals, others for the sea and its different species, others for agriculture, birds, and other things I don't remember. When it was my turn, I remember that I couldn't look him in the eyes; his deep and penetrating gaze terrified me. Although I didn't see him, he addressed me. He said, "Amauri, you will help with the greening of your world. You will help the trees, the grasses, and especially the flowers to continue after what is to come."

I didn't understand. I knew nothing about flowers or trees, only that they needed soil, water, and light. He mentioned the name of the adolescent seated to my right and proceeded to instruct him. And so on with the others. He spoke again to everyone, "Do you understand what I have told you?" No one said a word. It seemed that some of us, including me, shook our heads in negation as a response to the strange figure dressed in black. He told us that in time we would understand, that for now, we were like children. "Children are born knowing nothing. Step by step, they acquire knowledge and wisdom, and the same will happen with you."

I still didn't dare look at him. I feared meeting his fixed, intimidating gaze. I turned to look everywhere except where he was. When he addressed everyone, I could look at him, but when he spoke to me, I couldn't bear it. Slowly, the landscape began to lose all its vivid tones, and everything around us began to visually vibrate. The environment faded until it disappeared, and suddenly everything went dark. When the light returned, or when they turned on the lights we couldn't see, we found ourselves in that strange room with the human who had identified himself as Amaron. Alongside him were still his two monstrosities.

In that first projection, there were many details I have omitted, but it gives you a general idea. The projections I describe below are shorter but impactful. They produce terrifying and horrifying scenes. I classify these projections as the most important of all the communications offered by the being for our humanity. My sincere intention is not to alarm or traumatize anyone, but I find it impossible to express the following communications without doing so. The things seen are indeed alarming, both for my country, Puerto Rico, and for the rest of the world. It is immensely difficult for me to put into words the horror and suffering that those 14 people and I went through as witnesses to such a

horrific panorama. The dates of these events I describe were not given to us, but with each passing day, I become more convinced that the time is not far off. Now I understand what others before me must have suffered when they had something to communicate to everyone, and no one listened to them—no one paid attention. It depends on you, the reader, whether you take action or wait until it's too late. Please, I urge you not to wait until the symbolic ark's doors are closed. Prepare yourself and enter the ark of life in time; do not wait to feel the rain on your face.

Out of a sense of responsibility, here is the next projection, Projection Number Two. The room appeared to have gray walls again. These seemingly solid walls turned into light—the light of day. Suddenly, we were all sitting on top of a mountain. It was a beautiful, sunny day. Unlike the first projection, we could hear sounds: the breeze rustling through the trees, birds singing joyfully, cars in the distance, and even the crowing of a rooster. This projection seemed more real than the previous one because of the sounds we could hear. The only things missing were feeling the breeze in my hair and the sun on my skin.

From this place, I could see the sea and several scattered houses in the distance. The electric poles looked like toothpicks. The vegetation in this place, although green, did not have the same vibrant, sparkling appearance as in the previous images, and it lacked flowers. The green we now saw was dull in comparison. Our seats began to turn, and we saw some communication towers. The human guide informed us that this place was a part of western Puerto Rico. It looked like a normal, peaceful area. Judging by the position of the sun, it was approximately noon.

Suddenly, everything was enveloped in a dark shadow, as if it were twilight. Looking up, I saw that something was blocking the sun, with only a small portion of it escaping. I thought of an eclipse. There was a loud humming sound in the distance, like rolling thunder. We all saw it at the same time—a stone in the sky. This stone was crumbling into pieces as it fell, but instead of getting smaller, it grew larger. At one point, the group, the guide, and his two companions seemed to move toward this dark object falling from the sky. Before supposedly ascending from that mountain peak, I heard what sounded like screams—people screaming. I couldn't see them, but I could hear them. Some of the other 14 people with me also started to scream. It was horrendous.

I felt like I wanted to jump out of my seat, but where would I jump? I remember wanting to close my eyes, but I couldn't—I had to watch. I will never forget those screams; they were so terrifying that they made me feel like I wanted to tear my clothes off. I felt that uncontrollable urge but stopped myself. As we got closer to this object, I noticed it was on fire. For a moment, I thought it was the sun, but we reached such a height that we were now above this stone, with the sun above our heads.

As we continued following the course of this immense, unknown object, we could see it better from this angle. To our amazement, it had a huge tail of fire. It was made of flames and fragments that were breaking off. The tail was like living volcanic lava. I covered my ears with my hands and started screaming at the top of my lungs. The sound of thunder grew louder; I thought it would burst my eardrums. I can't truly describe the sound this stone-island made as it fell. You might get an idea if you imagine being very close to a space shuttle at liftoff. There came a moment when I couldn't even hear my own screams. I was on the verge of fainting. I think I lost my mind at that moment. That's why I say that when I tell you I was insane, you should believe me.

Apparently, we were falling together with this stone-island. The sensation of falling was terrible. I had stopped screaming and could only watch, stunned, as the events unfolded. Suddenly, we stopped, suspended in mid-air. Looking down, we saw the large stone crash into the ocean near the western coast of Puerto Rico. It caused an explosion as if a bomb had gone off. The impact created a massive ball of vapor, water, and smoke that rose up to where we were suspended. I thought it would drench us, but that was impossible.

The island of Puerto Rico shook. After sliding and descending a little, we positioned ourselves closer to the coast. The screams of the people below could be heard again, and every time the island shook, its trees and palms trembled. The sun still shone as if oblivious to all the chaos. The ball of vapor turned into a kind of rain, spraying the entire area. Then we heard a sound like thunder, this time caused by seismic activity. A woman in our group couldn't take it anymore and fainted. She slipped from her seat, and I thought she would fall into the disaster, but she didn't. She landed on the invisible floor of the room where they were showing us the projections. To our amazement, she seemed to be lying on nothing, as if floating in the air while unconscious.

The two beings with fetal-shaped heads walked toward her as if they were walking on air. They quickly picked her up and placed her back in her seat. She was still unconscious. I thought of helping her, attending to her, but I was paralyzed and on the verge of fainting myself. I could no longer feel my feet. The little men returned to their positions next to the human guide, and something immense caught my attention. A wall, a gigantic, threatening, and deadly wave had risen.

This devastating wall continued to grow as the sea receded, revealing a landscape never before seen in the open air. Reefs, plants, and all kinds of marine life were exposed to direct sunlight. We could see underwater valleys and hills, as well as large aquatic cliffs. What I imagine were fish were jumping on the exposed surface as the ocean retreated. The wall grew, solid and overwhelming. I thought of my family and friends. Then I remembered these were just skillfully projected images. I heard the island shake again, accompanied by the terrified screams of the Puerto Rican population. When the sea had retreated miles from the coast, the wall began to move toward the island.

I could imagine what would happen next. I wanted to beg the human guide to stop the images. I glanced at him and his two companions for a moment, feeling hatred. He stood there so passively while all this was happening, so sure of himself, untouchable. I didn't want to see the events unfolding around me, but I couldn't look away either. The great wall advanced toward the mainland, reaching the coast but not stopping there. It continued inland, seemingly destroying everything in its path. The hysterical screams of thousands were drowned out in seconds, and everything fell into an eerie silence.

The gigantic wave broke somewhere out of our sight, covering everything up to the mountains. Somehow, we managed to get a better view of the area. The sea was filled with debris and trash. We saw hundreds of destroyed houses, their remains floating everywhere. Palms and trees had been uprooted. What looked like an islet turned out to be the peak of one of the highest mountains in the area. Floating on the waters were thousands of drowned people, along with hundreds of animals. The strange thing was that it all happened in broad daylight—the sun shone as it did before the disaster, as if nothing had happened.

The people next to me and I cried uncontrollably. The woman who had fainted was now conscious. This emotional pain was so intense that it made you want to cease existing. The guide tried to console us, saying that this was not actually happening. He reiterated that these were just projected images. My thoughts were in turmoil. The images I had witnessed kept flashing in and out of my mind, like a television remote in the hands of a child. My nervous system was on the verge of collapse. I imagined horrible scenes involving my family members. I thought that some of the thousands of drowned people could be them.

Our seats slowly turned so that we could observe all the horror. Only that islet seemed to remain above the turbulent sea. I don't know if the entire island of Puerto Rico was submerged by the sea—we could only observe this stretch of coastline. The water looked black and dirty; the debris in the sea was immense. I saw no more birds, and the only human presence was ours. We stood before the guide and his creations. I thought I saw an expression of sadness or sorrow on the face of the one who called himself Amaron. We began to move toward the piece of land that protruded from the sea. Could this be what remained of Puerto Rico? "Puerto Chico," perhaps. We seemingly descended onto this place, which had no vegetation. The ground was wet from the seawater. On this small piece of land, perhaps 20 houses could be built—that's how small it seemed up close. The sea looked much blacker, and the objects floating in it appeared clearer. The rain caused by the impact of the colossal stone suddenly stopped. The image began to fade and disappear, and the strange room's walls reappeared. This projection ended here.

I felt great relief; I didn't want to see anything more—I just wanted to run out of that room. I think fear kept me from trying. Besides, I saw no doors or windows. Even if I had the courage to get up from that seat, where would I run? How would I escape? There was also the possibility that the two small figures would chase me. Just thinking about those creatures touching me again was enough to keep me calm. The man dressed in black gave us a few moments to recover; some of us, including me, were still crying.

He insisted that what we had witnessed was just an image but that it would happen in reality. Those words destroyed me—it would happen in reality? What reality? At that moment, I didn't know what reality was anymore; my own

reality had died. They had killed it. "Now calm down, stay tranquil. Remember, this isn't happening now; it's just images," he said. "The next projection will be shown partially in a single dimension. It will be less difficult, and therefore you'll be able to absorb the information with less emotion. I warn everyone present that the next images will be the most impactful. Prepare yourselves."

With those words, the room dimmed. I swallowed hard and momentarily stopped breathing. We began to turn slowly and soon came to a stop. I was in the last row on the left, but with this movement, I ended up in the first row. The person who had been in front of me was now to my right, and the young man on my right was now positioned behind me. The guide and his companions were to the right of our group. We watched this projection as if in a cinema, except that what was projected had clearer images and a sense of depth—as if we were looking through a massive glass window.

I remember looking back to see if I could spot the projector or device that produced such realistic images. All I could see were the terrified faces of the others and the infinite darkness of the room. This projection had no sound, and its format resembled that of a documentary. The narration was provided by the entity that claimed to be extraterrestrial.

Projection Number Three: It began by showing different government buildings on our Earth, the last of which was the White House in Washington, United States. He told us, "The different governments that rule your people and humanity have their own interests. The primary interest of these rulers is power and absolute control. Their only goals are to enrich themselves, regardless of the means. Money and the superhuman value placed on it play an important role in this. This blinds them to the impending destruction."

As the man with tanned skin narrated, we saw the presidential building of the United States start to shake and collapse as if struck by an earthquake. It was left in ruins. The next images showed seismic activity across the globe. He informed us that the day would come when earthquakes and tsunamis would become everyday occurrences worldwide. For this reason, we would live in a society where building construction would practically cease to exist. In the images, we saw thousands of people from different countries in places devastated by holocausts—people fleeing their homes, shaken and destroyed

by earthquakes. The pain and suffering were evident on their faces. We began to cry with indescribable anguish. What we saw was horrendous.

I asked myself why. I didn't want to see the scenes or hear that being, but I kept watching and listening. Then I saw hundreds of people in a place that looked like a camp, filled with tents and shelters made from car tires. The area looked filthy, as did its inhabitants. In the distance, I saw ruins that I couldn't identify. He informed us that in those times, few people would live on the face of the Earth due to the tremors and terrible diseases. All our waters would be severely contaminated. He also told us that there would be no marine life of any kind in our seas. We saw the sea and its interior, but we saw no fish or algae, only trash and black water.

He told us that birds would be driven to extinction by humans, though for a time, they would be fed. In other images, we saw military equipment like junk. The one who called himself Amaron informed us that in those days, peace would reign—not because of the efforts of our governments, but because of the scarcity of people. There would be one government, a world government, concerned only with the well-being of the surviving group.

He then showed us a large island covered by a huge dome-like structure made of glass. He said that the world government would build a great floating city over the contaminated waters of the sea. Earthquakes wouldn't affect it, and tsunamis would be detected in time to take necessary measures. This island city would be like a giant ship, steered away from the various dangers. Only privileged people would be allowed to live there. They would have the best of everything, including comforts and luxuries. The government would ensure that everyone residing there was free of all types of diseases.

This artificial island would be named Atlantis. They would proclaim themselves the Chosen by the original God, but their behavior towards the rest of humanity would be deplorable and shameful. Anyone who tried to approach this governmental city would be killed instantly by lasers installed in four observation towers located outside the dome that covered the city. No one would be allowed to enter or leave. In the images, I could see the shape of the island—it was square. At each of the four corners were tubular towers made of what appeared to be glass, connected to the immense dome that covered the rest of the square platform. Along the entire edge were other large glass

tubes that nearly touched the sea. Through these, I could see people walking, as well as people in the towers. Inside the dome, vegetation and buildings were visible. The dome seemed to rest on a kind of mesh, like its structural skeleton.

We were shown images of the interior. It was a beautiful place with gardens and orchards. People walked through the streets, dressed in clothing similar to what we wear today—nothing futuristic about their attire. The streets were made of cement or something very similar. I observed many people riding bicycles, places resembling shops and restaurants with customers sitting outside. All the buildings were low, with a mix of Oriental, European, American, contemporary architecture, and so on. The faces of the people in this artificial place looked healthy and free of worries.

Meanwhile, the rest of humanity, as shown to us, was rotting away. The fires would not be extinguished; they would burn all over the globe. There would be so many dead from hunger, epidemic diseases, and constant seismic activity that they would be thrown into the fires. There would be no time or way to bury them. We were told that society, as we know it, would cease to exist. Only the rich, powerful, and disease-free would inhabit the floating city. The rest of humanity on our Earth would regress to a state comparable to prehistoric times. The air would smell of death, but the noses of those in the island city would not catch the stench—their sphere would protect them.

We were shown the sky slowly covering with ashes; the clouds would be black, as would their rain. He informed us that the day would come when, to survive, man would feed on man. Many would take their own lives. All this information was accompanied by corresponding images. I wanted to vomit when I saw a family feeding on each other. He told us that after all this and more, the major event would occur—the cataclysmic earthquake—its duration and magnitude—will be of such a degree as never before on Earth. Its force will be enough to destroy the reinforcements of the nuclear plant that powers the floating island. When it explodes, it will trigger a chain of explosions around the world. Hundreds of abandoned nuclear weapons will detonate, and the great city will be shattered along with its inhabitants, sinking into the black sea forever. The planet's geography will undergo extraordinary and drastic changes, leaving everything unrecognizable.

They showed us a planet seen from outer space—a black and smoky globe, a dead planet. Barely any humans will survive on our Earth. How they survive was not explained to us. The planet they showed us was covered in ashes; the sun's rays couldn't reach the surface, and night persisted throughout the day. The concepts of night, day, and time will have no meaning. The guide told us that it would then be the time of "The Originator." Honestly, I didn't understand this.

Next, I'll try to describe the last images of this projection. Our world appeared in darkness, with a group of people gathered around a campfire. Their clothing looked like rags, and it seemed they were roasting sausages. Their faces were drawn with death in life—they all looked thin, as if they had no flesh on their bones: men, women, and children, all covered in ash from head to toe. Near the group was a cave emitting light, suggesting there were more people inside.

One of them looked at the black sky, making gestures and movements with his arms, pointing upward. We couldn't hear his words or cries—there was no sound in the projection. The others in the group approached the person who was shouting and pointing. They all looked up at the sky and began jumping with joy, but their faces also showed signs of madness. More people emerged from the cave and joined the supposed celebration.

We still couldn't see the cause of their behavior. Suddenly, something illuminated the group from the sky. About 50 or more people watched, hypnotized, as they stopped moving. They all stood still in a circle, caught by a powerful light. We observed from a distance as the group was bathed in this circle of light, but we couldn't see where the light was coming from—it seemed to emerge from the darkness of the sky.

Then, another thinner beam of light appeared, illuminating a small area in front of the group. This second light revealed the figure of a man who seemed to be descending to Earth. The small beam of light joined the larger one, and the man approached the group. He spoke to them, but we couldn't hear him. The image frame began to pull away from the group, and from above, we could only make out small shadows. The campfire barely illuminated anything, like a matchstick in the vast darkness.

In the sky, a bright light appeared, as if the sun itself had descended below the ash-covered clouds. This brilliant light began to descend slowly, far from the group, and as it did, it grew larger. The light formed a massive, brilliant circle—perhaps miles in diameter. It descended to a level where we could observe the top of a solid, gigantic object. Its surface had vibrant, colorful structures that looked like they were made of crystal. Its appearance was glorious and magnificent.

This spectacular object settled on the Earth. It looked like a brooch of precious stones, so illuminated and full of colors that it created a striking contrast with the surroundings. In the distance, we noticed other beams of light similar to the one enveloping the group of people mentioned earlier. From a distance, this object appeared to be the size of a football stadium, but up close, it had to be much larger.

Imagine a green tray with many vividly colored objects on it—square, triangular, and spherical. We saw the beam of light ascend, carrying the group of people and their visitor. Behind, only darkness remained. The group rose until they disappeared at the point where the column of light began. The other beams of light seemed to do the same, as if they were also transporting other people, but we couldn't see it clearly.

Amid the darkness, only the giant, stadium-like object emitted a fluorescent green color, and the small fire remained visible. We observed movement above the illuminated object, and soon we saw the beams of light descending again. This time, they formed a circle within the stadium-like object, and we noticed small figures descending via the laser beams. Again, the beams ascended after depositing their load into the larger object.

I noticed that the projected image and the size of the object increased as we apparently approached it. Its size grew, taking on a concrete form according to these images. The view from above showed the green tray was actually grass, trees, vegetation, flowers, fruits, and animal life contained within this object. The precious stones turned out to be houses and dwellings. From a large sphere in the center of this object flowed a river of crystal-clear water, running through turquoise-colored channels to the edges of the great tray. The water flowed in two directions—from the center to the right and to the left.

Everything in that place was full of color. The survivors, who were deposited there, ran and jumped with joy, feeding on the fruits of the trees. Some bathed in the clear waters, rejoicing. The place was illuminated as if it were daytime, and this clarity formed a sort of mantle or aura in the shape of a dome over the city. The clarity reflected on the streets, which seemed to be made of gold bricks or at least gold-colored.

As we watched the survivors' joy, we heard a voice say, "This is the gift of The Originator. It was created with the help of other humanities across the Cosmos. Here, they will reside for a thousand of your years. Then, your Earth will be healed, and they will begin anew on it. Here, they will find seeds of all kinds and everything necessary for restoration."

The projection concluded by showing us a green landscape full of life, blue skies, and flowers everywhere. The people inhabiting this place looked happy and joyful. Animal life was abundant—it was our Earth. The projection ended like a stone being thrown into calm waters, and everything faded away.

Everything went dark momentarily. I could hear some of those accompanying me crying. The light from an invisible source returned, and the seats rotated until we faced the alien being. The walls had regained their solid, light gray appearance. He informed us that the time to return was approaching. "Do not be afraid. They will not harm you. Stay calm," he said.

With those words, the two creatures raised their hands towards him, showing their palms. He placed his own palms against those of the small beings, then proceeded to place their hands on the foreheads of all present, causing them to lose consciousness. I remember that at that moment, my heart pounded so hard I thought I might die of a heart attack. I didn't want them to put their damned hands on me. At the same time, I knew that with this act, I would lose consciousness—a state I actually desired, as it indicated that perhaps this nightmare was coming to an end.

The small being with the large head stopped in front of me. His large, bulging black eyes stared at me intently, and I felt as if I were hypnotized, either by a suggestive power the strange creature possessed or by the terrible fear he produced in me. He slowly raised his arm and directed his hand, palm out,

toward my forehead. I wanted with all my heart to run, to scream, to escape. He placed the palm of his hand on my forehead, and everything went dark.

My Notes:

The description you provided could indeed represent a solar mass ejection, specifically a coronal mass ejection (CME). Here's how the imagery fits:

1. **Immense, Unknown Object:** This could symbolize the massive plasma ejection from the sun, which can appear as a fiery, colossal object when observed from space.
2. **Huge Tail of Fire:** The tail of fire described resembles the streaming plasma and magnetic fields associated with a CME. These tails can extend millions of miles from the sun, much like the description of living volcanic lava breaking off.
3. **Overwhelming Sound and Light:** Although a CME wouldn't create sound in the vacuum of space, the description of thunder and the intense sensory overload might represent the powerful electromagnetic waves and the immense energy released by the sun during such an event. The brightness could be tied to the intense radiation.
4. **Sense of Height and Distance:** The perspective of being above the object with the sun overhead might signify observing the event from space, where the scale and intensity of the CME would be overwhelming.
5. **Screams and Urge to Tear Clothes Off:** This could be a symbolic or psychological reaction to the sheer magnitude and terror of witnessing such a catastrophic event.

While this description uses metaphorical and emotional language, it aligns with the awe and terror one might feel witnessing a solar event of such magnitude, where the sun ejects massive amounts of energy and plasma into space, potentially disrupting life on Earth.